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and **BYSTANDER**

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Harlip

Engaged to the Master of Forbes

The Hon. Rosemary Katherine Hamilton-Russell announced her engagement in April to Captain the Master of Forbes. She is the only daughter of the late Viscount Boyne and of Viscountess Boyne, and a niece of Viscount Harewood, who is her mother's brother. The Master of Forbes, who is in the Grenadier Guards, is the only child of Lord and Lady Forbes, of Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire. His father is the Premier Baron of Scotland, and his mother was, before her marriage, Lady Mabel Anson, daughter of the third Earl of Lichfield. Miss Hamilton-Russell has three brothers, all of whom are serving in the army; her eldest brother, the Hon. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, was killed in action in 1940, while serving with the Grenadier Guards.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Cripps's Growing Stature

BACK in Parliament last week presenting his report on his mission to India, Sir Stafford Cripps once again gave evidence of his remarkable clarity of mind and ability to present a complicated story in simple language which a child could understand. The more one sees of Sir Stafford, the more one feels convinced that he is destined to play a most important role in the conduct of our national affairs during the coming months and years. He is something of an idealist, but by no means to the extent which lets him leave out of account practical considerations in application of principles. More than once in these notes I have expressed the view that Sir Stafford and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, probably linked with Mr. Anthony Eden, would form a powerful triumvirate in the Cabinet under the generalship of Mr. Churchill. With each week that passes I become more convinced that this statement will prove to be correct.

Hard-headed Lyttelton

IN many respects Mr. Oliver Lyttelton seems to differ markedly from Sir Stafford. He is the practical business man who knows that ideal solutions, when put into effect, do not always make for the best results. But in his recent broadcast postscript he gave a sufficiently clear hint of his idealism. He is not satisfied that the morale of the workers, which is after all one of his special concerns, is satisfactory. He feels that we need in our national urge something of a more spiritual quality than the mere inducement to earn high wages. He is

aware that there is stirring in the soul of the people a genuine desire for a better world.

But Mr. Lyttelton, as he told the people of England in his broadcast, believes that it is up to them to use their own minds and powers of argument to determine what kind of a life it is they want to lead. He believes in free and unfettered argument. And if I may hazard a guess, he conceives that the new England will find its cheerfulness through a blend of the old with the new. I can no more see him standing for an attempt to re-establish a full capitalist system than he would approve a full swing over to state ownership of everything, including our lives and thoughts. Mr. Lyttelton is not a believer in strength through gloom.

Premier's Progressive Outlook

NATURALLY there are in our midst a certain number of diehards who believe that there was not much wrong with pre-war Britain, and that the best outcome of the present war would be a victory to re-establish the *status quo ante*. Because Mr. Churchill bends the whole of his energies to the military problems of the war and has not devoted any substantial part of his public speeches to post-war affairs, it has—wrongly, in my view—been assumed in some quarters that the Premier was of that school. Mr. Churchill's more intimate friends will tell you that such is far from being the case; that, on the contrary, he has most progressive and even revolutionary views on the future order. Some may think that the time has come when Mr.

Churchill would do himself and the country a real service by giving some fuller insight into his own mind on this theme. In the present phase of the war, when the greatest exertions are required from every one of us, it may well be that added zest could be drawn from a clearer impression of the world for which we must be prepared to fight, and if necessary, to die.

Fighting French Sailor

AS was to be expected, Admiral Auboyneau immediately made a good impression on his arrival in London the other day. He called at once on General de Gaulle, leader of the movement, and on Admiral Muselier whom he succeeds as Naval Commissaire on the French National Committee. He also met the officers at the French Naval Headquarters in London, and seems to have established the happiest relations with all concerned. Admiral Muselier was still on a period of sick leave which is now drawing to a close. By now he should be quite restored to health. Admiral Auboyneau, it will be recalled, has, until very recently, been commanding the Fighting French Navy and establishments in the Pacific. These French possessions form vital stepping stones for the American Navy on its line of communication to the battle zone in the South West Pacific. The United States have recognised the Fighting French authority in all that area, as they have in Equatorial Africa, and Admiral Auboyneau made a long break in his journey to England at Washington for talks with the United States Staffs on strategic questions.

A Great Escape

WHILE these events were taking place in London, Fighting French Headquarters were electrified by the news that General Giraud had escaped from the fortress in which he had been held as prisoner of war by the Germans, and was making a bid for complete freedom. Nobody questioned that he would make every endeavour to reach the British Isles and there take up once again the Battle of France in company with his compatriots and their Allies. Nothing could be more fortunate or more opportune. General de Gaulle, then a young colonel, was serving in General Giraud's corps. The older and the younger soldier were on terms of personal friendship and shared the same views on the waging of modern warfare. There could be no question of disagreement between them, and the long established authority of General Giraud would in itself give enhanced status to the French National Committee, both in the eyes of Frenchmen and in those of the United Nations.

The escape in itself was a remarkable one, for the tall, gaunt figure of the sixty-one-year-old general must have been hard to disguise. It is evident from certain passages in Hitler's last frenzied address to the Reichstag, and from other statements emanating from Germany, that there exists in that country an underground organisation so fiercely opposed to the Nazis that they are prepared to give positive help to prisoners ready to take the risks of a bid for freedom.

King Farouk's Dilemma

REPORTS from Egypt show growing tension between the Government of Nahas Pasha, the Wafd premier, and the Palace. The latest obvious evidence has been the arrest, not for the first time, of Ali Maher Pasha, a former premier and one-time head of the King's entourage of personal advisers. The Premier's action in insisting on the elimination of Ali Maher from political life was endorsed by an overwhelming majority in Parliament. Nahas will certainly do all that is possible to work in



Commemorating Anzac Day in London

Anzac Day was celebrated on April 25 by a service at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, during which the Bishop of London gave an address to a congregation largely composed of men and women in uniform. Above are Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, representing the Indian Army, and Mr. W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand, who placed wreaths on the Cenotaph after the service. Lord Birdwood commanded the Anzacs from 1914 to 1918

harmony with King Farouk, but first and foremost he will put his duties to Egypt, and next to those his loyalty to the alliance with Britain. The young King may find irksome the necessity of being bound by constitutional practice, but his future on the throne of Egypt quite evidently depends on his ability to accept the advice of his lawfully appointed ministers. That principle has recently been upheld strongly in the Middle East when the people of Persia concluded that the head of the state was pursuing a policy inimical, both to the population and the future of the state. Latest reports from Persia show that the young Shah, who so recently was brought to the throne, is carrying out his duties in an excellent manner.

Nettleton's V.C.

AWARD of the V.C. to Acting Squadron Leader Nettleton served to underline the great gallantry of the R.A.F. crews, both bomber and fighter, in the fiercely sustained attack which the Air Force is now launching against Germany. The daylight raid on Augsburg, involving a journey of more than 600 miles in both directions over enemy territory, will rank among the epics of the R.A.F., no matter what other daring feats may be performed between now and the end of the war. Nettleton's experience, as he and his five companion aircraft came zooming over the crest of a small hill and found themselves immediately over an enemy aerodrome on which Messerschmitt fighters were about to land after combat with a Fighter Command sweep near the coast, was in itself sufficiently alarming. A few minutes earlier or later, and all would have been well. As it was, he had the horror of seeing four out of his six Lancasters shot down by cannon guns of the enemy. Yet he and his companion pressed on bravely to the still far distant target.

Arrived there and the bomb load fairly and squarely delivered, his companion craft was also brought down. His own machine had suffered slight damage quite early in the day. Alone he was left to face the long return journey over a hostile land which by now

must have become a veritable hornets' nest. I confess that I was horrified a few nights later to see this unassuming young man quietly enjoying a well-earned dinner in a London restaurant, dragged from his table by an over-enthusiastic fellow countryman in an endeavour to present him to the rest of those present. All the men who went on that raid had ferried themselves across the River Styx and miraculously returned. Not one of them was seeking the plaudits of the multitude.

Anglo-American Union

A PLEASANT event took place yesterday (Tuesday, May 5) demonstrating one aspect of the close co-operation which actually exists between many British and American organisations. In company with Lady Limerick, Head of the Metropolitan Division of the British Red Cross, Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle, wife of the American Ambassador to the Governments of Occupied Countries, visited the Children's House in Paddington, where classes of all kinds are held for the young people. Many more of these centres will soon be opening up in the London district and the equipment has been jointly provided by the British and the American Red Cross. The funds, in particular, have been raised by the Junior Branch of the American Red Cross which has fourteen million members, mostly school children. Mrs. Biddle, who is a member of the American Red Cross Committee in Britain, since she arrived here with her husband early last year, has devoted much of her many and various energies towards the questions of child welfare, and has taken special steps to see that the young people of America know how the children of Britain are faring in the forefront of the battle.

Quite evidently a most useful understanding between the two countries can be born from this close association between the younger generations of the two countries, and it is good to know that the respective Red Cross organisations of Britain and the United States are finding no difficulty in working in the closest harmony with one another.



A Crash Helmet for Mr. Attlee

Mr. C. R. Attlee, while on a visit to a camp in Scotland, watched exercises carried out by Polish parachute troops, and tried on one of their crash helmets. Mr. Attlee became Deputy Prime Minister and Dominions' Secretary in February this year



Decoration in Washington

Major Dobrowolski, Assistant Military Attache at the Polish Embassy in Washington, received the O.B.E. from Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, the British representative of the Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington. The decoration was awarded in recognition of Major Dobrowolski's outstanding services



Mr. Brendan Bracken with the Heroes of Augsburg

Members of the R.A.F., who were decorated for their part in the recent raid on the Diesel works at Augsburg, gave an interview at the M.O.I., where they were photographed leaving the building with the Minister of Information. In the picture are Squadron Leader D. G. Penman, D.S.O., D.F.C., Sergeant D. N. Huntly, D.F.M., Pilot Officer D. O. Sands, D.F.C., Mr. Brendan Bracken, Flight Lieutenant B. R. W. Hallows, D.F.C., Sergeant R. P. Irons, D.F.M., and Act. Squadron Leader J. D. Nettleton, V.C.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

Well, How Green was that Valley?

IN the theatre there have always been a certain number of sure cards. There is the obviously disguised mother, dropping tears like burst water-pipes, and standing by the bedside of her obviously plain son. There is the erring wife returning to her stern but relenting husband's house too late for dinner, but in time to receive forgiveness before her expiry brought about by a sudden attack of cancer. There is the consumptive cocotte informing some ancient and ducal protector, passing the house and stopping his barouche to inquire, that she hasn't a penny with which to buy bread. And drawing, as she whispers, an ermine stole across a nightgown of *Point Valaine*. But one could go on for ever. The list of tear-precipitants is interminable.

IT was only natural to expect that the film should look around to find the screen equivalent of your theatrical sure card. It

found it in the Welsh village. "No, dear reader, I do not mean those earthly paradises nestling in the bosom of the hills and to outward seeming as innocent as their own white-wash, but little hells which Mr. Caradoc Evans has spent a lifetime establishing as nests of waspishness, envy, malice, dirt, disease and vice.

The village I mean, and the film discovered, is the mining village given over to Eisteddfod-dery and dog racing, psalm singing and form reckoning. Nothing here about your mean employer undercutting wages, but a great deal about your clever boxer and his habit of uppercutting an opponent to whom he must give away a stone.

Sometimes the cinema would spend an hour, sometimes two hours, in picturing the happy existence of these paragons of the domestic virtues and the manly sports, and then, half an hour before the end, would come the inevitable colliery accident when Dai Morgan risks his leg to rescue his grandfather, with the knowledge that if the worst happens his chance of appearing at Twickenham as centre threequarter, with two brothers on his right wing and two on his left, will be seriously jeopardised. And, of course, it happens. It is true that we see Dai at Twickenham. But he is sitting in the grandstand waving a crutch, and as his four brothers, Tudor, Emlyn, Owen and David combine to score the winning try the light of renunciation comes into his face and the faces of his fiancée, his sister, his mother, and his aunt who have all accompanied him.

How good is *How Green Was My Valley*? I remember some fifty years ago an old gentleman mopping with a red silk handkerchief a beard into which the tears had run freely, and explaining to a little boy that whereas Sarah Bernhardt was no doubt an excellent emotional actress, her predecessor, Rachel, had been the finer artist. This has always seemed to me to be pure and absolute criticism. To sit in the New Gallery Cinema the other evening while everybody around you was sniffing, swallowing, spectacle wiping and even brazenly and openly blubbing, and when you yourself were impelled by contagion, as one in tube or bus may be impelled by some yawner opposite, to suffer and share in these extremities—to see others in this state of attrition; and then say that *How Green Was My Valley* is not so good and moving a film as *The Stars Look Down* is another and equally fine example of pure and absolute criticism. The new film is a good film, but it is not quite good enough. There is not enough of a story, and I am surprised that none of our highbrow critics has remarked that the leading man, Walter Pidgeon, is not concerned with what little story there is. However, there's a mine in the story, and there's coal in the mine, and there are men who must get the coal, and ultimately the most revered of the coal-getters is killed in the inevitable accident. It is, as I say, all very moving, and the little greenhorn through whose eyes and nostalgia we see the greenness of the valley is beautifully played by Roddy McDowall.

THE film has been produced by John Ford, which means that you know where you are. Whereas if it had been produced by Orson Welles all you would have known is where you were not. Is that a sledge? It may be or not; the point of not knowing is held to be symbolical of Tom's ignorance of Bob's spiritual make-up and *vice versa*.

Is that a Welsh mining chimney? Possibly. Are those the wheels working the cage which takes the boys down the mine and brings them up again? They are if you think they are. Is that smoke coming from the shaft of a pit which has caught fire? No, dear reader, it is not. It is the Orson Welles's interpretative smoke screen. You are to realise that chimney and wheels and cage are pointers to a state of mind which thinks it is digging for coal whereas, actually, it is delving after spiritual values. Pointers to a world less of lifts than uplift, in which boys who are physically descending are spiritually ascending. In so far as Ford has avoided this pestilential rubbish, for which the highbrow critic falls bustle over bonnet, he has produced finely. The only faults that I could spot are the excessive size of the rooms, the excessive neatness, the excessive spick-and-span-ness of the miners' mothers and sweethearts, and the complete absence of any suggestion that the thing is happening in Wales.

Mr. Pidgeon speaks American, somebody else speaks Scotch, and there is nothing Welsh about the production from beginning to end. I remember a moment in *Rhondda Roundabout* in which a miner, asked by his wife how many had been killed, said "Thirty, that's all, thank God. Give us a cup of tea, woman." Never in my life shall I forget how Mr. Mervyn Johns said this, and I reflected the other evening that two minutes of this pugnacious, fiery, tender, authentic Welshman would have burst the present film to pieces. There are many things Hollywood can do better than we can, and as the old father Donald Crisp puts up a fine show. But when it comes to depicting a Welsh mining village I will back some pithead at Caerphilly, Mervyn Johns and Edward Rigby to beat to a frazzle anything Hollywood can do.

One of *Our Aircraft is Missing* (Odeon) is a straightforward story of hardship, endurance, pluck and adventure, told without metaphysical frills or impressionistic furbelows. It is the tale of a Wellington bomber and its crew. An all-British crew, acted by an all-British cast. The plane is ordered to attack Germany, carries out the raid, but is hit on the return journey. They fly on one engine, arrive in Holland, and hope to be home in bed in two hours, when the port engine gives in as well, and they have to bale out somewhere in the vicinity of the Zuyder Zee. One member of the original crew of six is missing and feared lost, but it is pleasant to know that he turns up later in the film, safe and sound, and taking part in a football match. Meanwhile, some friendly children appear and take the airmen in a cart to a farm where the school-teacher, a decided young lady admirably played by Pamela Brown, makes them comfortable with food and drink. And so on and so forth.

There is no love-interest in this film, and the only kiss is an unexpected one awarded to Godfrey Tearle who is the *doyen* of the party. The cast, which includes Hugh Williams, Bernard Miles and Hay Petrie is reasonably good. But if Eric Portman wants to convince me that he is a Yorkshireman he must stop looking romantic and intelligent. Yorkshiremen are stolid and unemotional blokes, with expressions like the more indigestible kind of suet pudding, large, pachydermatous ears, and an accent which goes through you like a Sunday evening postscript.



"How Green Was My Valley"

Huw Morgan (Roddy McDowall), youngest of the Welsh mining family, receives his first week's pay as pit-boy from his father (Donald Crisp), while two of his five brothers looked on. His eldest brother is the victim of a pit disaster, and Huw leaves home to live with his widowed sister-in-law, and works to support her. Roddy McDowall, the twelve-year-old British boy, who previously played with Constance Cummings in "This England," was evacuated to America in 1940, and chosen by 20th Century-Fox to play Huw in their production of Richard Llewellyn's story of the Rhondda Valley. Others in the cast are Maureen O'Hara, Anna Lee, Walter Pidgeon, Sara Allgood and John Loder, and the film, pronounced one of the finest of the year, was produced by John Ford. It is showing at the New Gallery and Marble Arch Pavilion.

We Were Dancing

Norma Shearer and Melvyn Douglas
Philander on a Noel Coward Theme



The impoverished nobleman, Nicki Prax, now a professional house-guest, is in disgrace. In fact, he is about to be thrown out by his host, the wealthy Hubert Tyler (Lee Bowman, Melvyn Douglas and Heather Thatcher)



Nicki is not alone in his disgrace. For the cause of it is Vicki, the fiancé of Hubert, who has fallen for his charm and flirtatious fooling (Melvyn Douglas and Norma Shearer)

Nicki and Vicki are separated when Nicki's old flame, Linda, appears on the scene. Linda takes Nicki into her decorator's business and he struggles to become a respectable member of society. But he finds he cannot get along without Vicki, and once again the old partnership of Nicki and Vicki is re-established. (Gail Patrick as Linda with Melvyn Douglas on her left)

Based in part on *To-night at Eight-thirty* by Noel Coward, *We Were Dancing* (Empire) has been directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Norma Shearer plays Vicki, a professional house guest who lives on her charm. She has successfully got herself engaged to wealthy Hubert Tyler (Lee Bowman) but when she meets Nicki (Melvyn Douglas), who lives very much in the same way as she does, she falls in love and they marry. Nicki and Vicki find that as a married couple, no longer quite so free for pleasant philandering, they lose their popularity. Nicki falls for an old flame, Linda Wayne (Gail Patrick) who is a fashionable decorator, and Vicki broken-heartedly divorces her husband. She plans to marry Hubert, but at their betrothal party Nicki turns up again and the old fascination is too strong. Nicki and Vicki elope for the second time—this time, we hope, for keeps. Heather Thatcher, who will be remembered for her work on the London stage, has a small supporting role



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Watch on the Rhine (Aldwych)

THIS American play comes to us with good credentials—the New York Drama Critics' Award for 1941, and a year's run on Broadway. These credentials are justified. The dramatist, Lillian Hellman, knows her job, and sets about it with skill. The story she tells is a domestic one with a harsh political background. It is deeply charged with emotion, and does not disdain a garnish of melodrama. These fortifying elements are kept in reserve until the theme is established and we are ready for their release. This restraint is deliberate and effective. It enables our goodwill to be won by some agreeable comedy, and our sympathies and antipathy to settle on the right characters while we are getting to know them.

Cold-blooded blackmail and justifiable homicide are among the ingredients that stiffen the plot. The characters include a blameless hero, a wise and virtuous heroine, three admirable children, some idiosyncratic supers, and a villain of the deepest modern dye. The progressive tension of the narrative interest does not slacken, and the happy-ever-after ending, rarer in life than in the theatre, remains a pious hope rather than a definite promise.

THE single scene is the attractive living-room of a country house near Washington; the time is that troubled interval before America's entry into the war.

Soon after the curtain rises, we see and hear Mrs. Farrelly, the delightfully impulsive mistress of the house, tuning up before breakfast for the day's domestic fantasia. She is in a flightier state of mind than usual because Sara, her daughter, after several years in Europe, is coming home with Kurt, her German husband, and their three children.

The house already harbours two guests, a dubious Rumanian count and his American wife, who have outstayed their welcome, but

make no concessions to the fact. A political adventurer, familiar with the backstairs of most of the Washington embassies, he trades, by open blackmail, in the secrets of other refugees which the German Embassy in particular might buy. His wife, a discontented beauty, is playing fast, but not loose, with the son of the house.

THE exiles arrive, strangers in a strange land, weary and worn, but not self-indulgently sad. They are veterans in the war of political persecution, have travelled far, and have something of the stolid unspoiled charm of the Swiss Family Robinson. With their settling in, the Rumanian rat gets busy, and the atmosphere of the house, to us already pleasantly exotic, is charged with mingled pathos, humour, and cosmopolitan drama.

Sara is a devoted wife and sterling mother, and Miss Diana Wynyard plays her beautifully. Kurt, exiled from Germany by his anti-Nazi activities, has the advantage of Mr. Anton Walbrook's nice sense of character and sensitive methods. The children, two boys and a girl, are delightfully sponsored by three of our own European guests.

The Rumanian rat, who rifles the luggage and ferrets out Kurt's heroic secret—a mission on behalf of his tortured countrymen—is presented by Mr. Charles Goldner with suave cold brilliance. Having fomented tragedy, he becomes its victim, and his death at Kurt's hands gives the plot its sound stiffening of melodrama.

IN the background are Miss Betty Hardy's admirable study of an impulsive French factotum whose bark is worse than her bite, Miss Judy Campbell's somewhat conventionally-drawn American-Rumanian wife, and Mr. Peter Murray Hill's unaffected English version of an American young gentleman.

The foreground is Mrs. Farrelly's, and Miss



Sara, daughter of a well-to-do American family and her anti-Nazi husband, Kurt Muller (Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook)

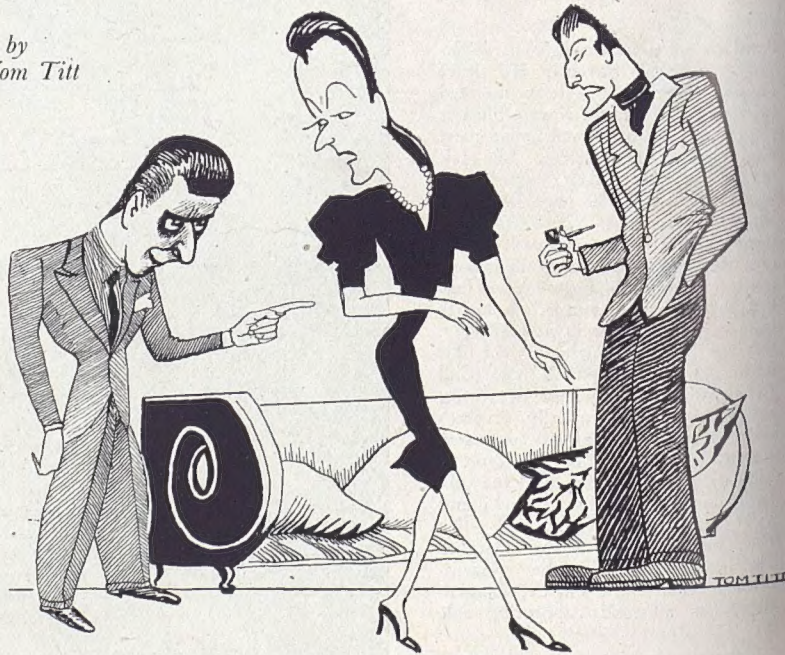
Athene Seyler commands it on her behalf. In looks, deportment and native whim, Miss Seyler's performance is perfect comedy. Less deliberately humorous herself than the cause of humour in others (particularly ourselves), her portrait of the Washington matriarch is a beauty. Her equivocal relations with her younger grandson, whose German stolidity masks a duckling's charm, are irresistible; and Master Yvan Deley responds with the spontaneity of life and the apparent experience of an old master.

Mr. Emlyn Williams has produced the play with a sensitive regard for its all-important undertones, and gives them a poignancy rare in plays that are less than classics. Miss Hellman's theme may appeal more strongly to Americans than to us, but its human virtues override frontiers, and should find as wholehearted a response at the Aldwych as they found on Broadway.



Sara's younger son, Bodo, delights in teasing his grandmother, Fanny Farrelly, and Anise, the family factotum (Yvan Deley, Athene Seyler and Betty Hardy)

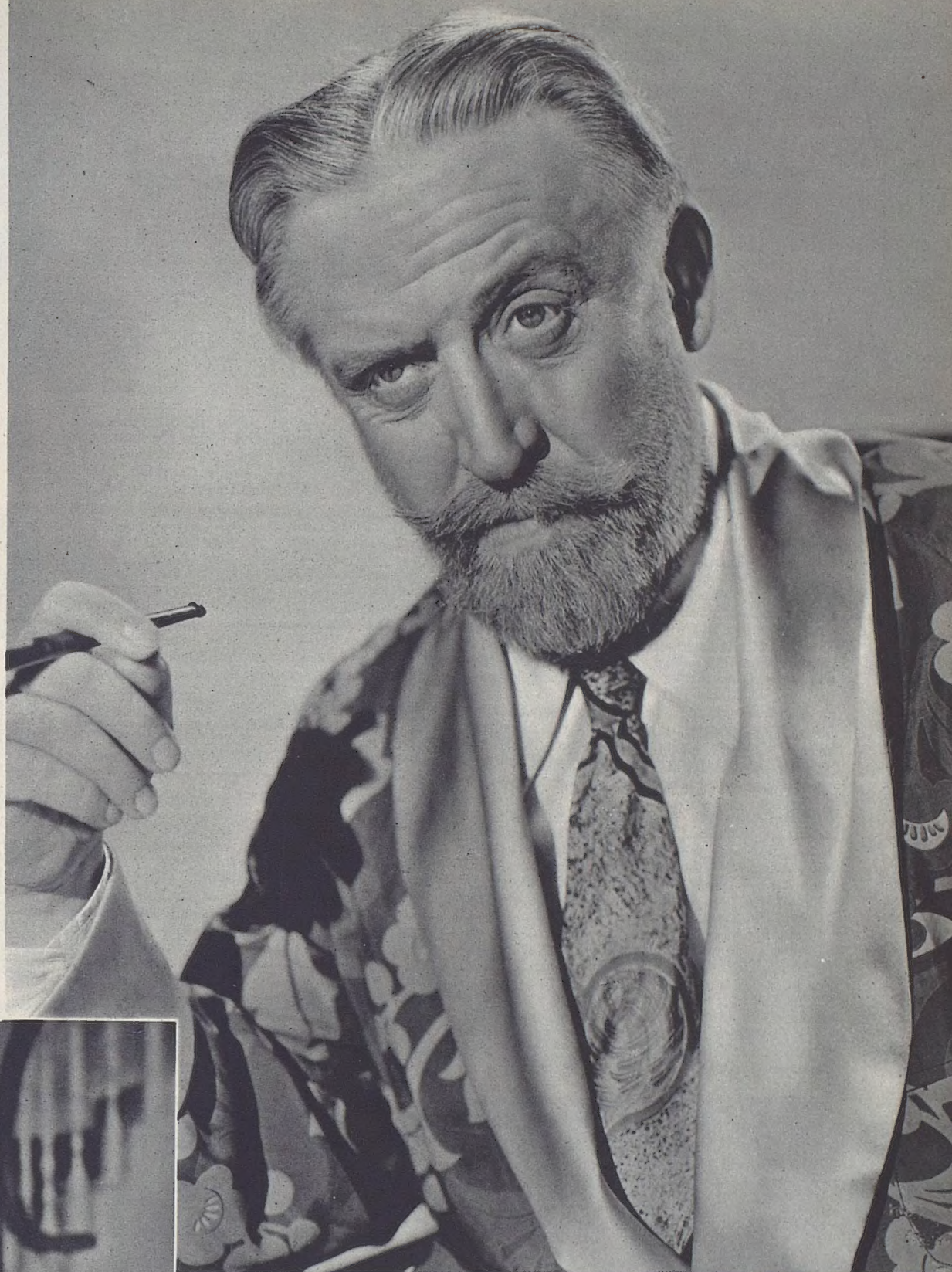
Sketches by
Tom Tilt



The Rumanian rat, villain of the play, with his American-born wife, and the man she has fallen in love with. (Charles Goldner, Judy Campbell and Peter Murray Hill)

Two Men Who Came to Dinner

And
Wisecracked Their Welcome
Out



Monty Woolley, "The Man" in Warner Bros.' Film of the Play



Robert Morley, "The Man" at the Savoy Theatre

The Man Who Came to Dinner ran for two years in New York. It has been running at the Savoy Theatre in London since December 4th, to increasingly enthusiastic audiences. Now the film version directed by William Keighley has arrived, and we are to be given the opportunity of seeing on the screen Monty Woolley, who played Sheridan Whiteside, the man who comes to dinner, in New York. According to *Time*, Woolley is the possessor of the most Edwardian visage of his era, a bon-vivant, trust-funder, darling of Manhattan's café society, and one-time Yale English instructor. The play is said to be a gorgeous practical joke played by authors George Kaufman and Moss Hart on their friend Alexander Woollcott, once a dramatic critic, now a public personality in America, a radio star and an established wit. Mr. Woollcott himself played the part of Sheridan Whiteside when the play went on tour in the United States. On the first night of the show at the Savoy, Robert Morley's wife (Gladys Cooper's daughter, Joan Buckmaster) presented him with a son. The boy has been christened Sheridan. One of his godparents is Alexander Woollcott, whose cable to the Morleys is genuine Whiteside. It reads: "Accept new appointment with gratification and apprehension"

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

Registering for Service

WITH all the other sixteen-year-olds, Princess Elizabeth registered ten days ago. Ministry of Labour officials had suggested that she might like to fill up the details required at home, but H.R.H. turned down the offer, and filled in her form like all the other girls over the counter. If you've ever wondered how you got your national identification number, you may be interested to learn how the Princess got hers. The first letter of her registration number is "S," meaning that she registered in Scotland, and the last figure is "1," meaning that she was the head of the household at the time of registration.

Princess Elizabeth registered at Balmoral, when she was staying there alone with Princess Margaret in the early days of the war, and as senior member of the Royal Family present, she took first place in the household. Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, who now commands the Home Guard River Patrol on the Upper Thames, and who was Comptroller to their Majesties when they were Duke and Duchess of York, was at Balmoral at the same time, looking after the Royal sisters, and he, too, therefore, has a Scottish registration letter, with the number "3," coming immediately after Princess Margaret.

Dutch Honours

QUEEN WILHELMINA of the Netherlands is a remarkable person. At the age of just on sixty-two, she bears the trials of enforced exile without complaint, and only very occasionally is heard to bewail the absence across the seas of her daughter and granddaughters.

Her appearances in public are rare, but a few Londoners caught a glimpse of her when she drove up to the Dutch Embassy recently, from her home in the country, to decorate a number of Dutch sailors who have displayed exceptional bravery in their journeys through U-boat infested waters, and under air attack. Three British merchant-navy heroes were there too, to receive Dutch medals from the Queen.

Lovely Party

THERE was a marvellous moon lighting up Wiltshire the night of the raid on Bath, and searchlights competed with it, while aeroplanes nipped feverishly about, and flares slid down, big, wobbling blobs of light.

Lieut.-Col. Anthony and Lady Dorothea Head were giving a party in Lady Sybil Phipps's house, which seemed to be in open country, miles from anywhere, and inside the band and people drowned the occasional rattling of the windows, and the noise of 'planes. Lady Dorothea and her sister, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, wore black pinafore dresses with frilly white blouses; Lady Stavordale wore bright green, with a green ribbon round her hair; Lord Stavordale was there too. Captain "Jimmie" and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay came with a large party, which included Mrs. Rupert Mitford, who, with her attractive children, has been living in the neighbourhood since the war, Lord and Lady Townshend—she looked very cute in blue, with round eyes and face—Lord Cathcart, big and jolly, talking about dogs some of the time; Captain Richard Coke, with red hair; Miss Diana Vesey, full of sultry appeal, and with a white flower in her hair; amusing Mr. "Jim" Barber, with curly eyelashes; and Mr. Michael Dawson, brooding about transport problems.

More There

MR. DAVID NIVEN, the soldier star, was festooned in bluff, jolly smiles; Captain and Mrs. Tyler were there—she was Miss Philippa Fitzalan Howard, and she looked as pretty as ever; Captain and Mrs. Freddy Hennessy seemed to be enjoying the pre-war congestion; Sir John Gilmour and Sir Richard Cotterell pushed and shoved like everyone else; Mr. David Bankes kept going at a moderate speed, avoiding undue exertion on principle; Captain Robin Wilson leapt into his dance with uncommon vigour, uttering cries of uncontrollable enthusiasm and kicking high; Prince Arthur of Connaught's blond son, the new Duke of Connaught, danced with lovely Mrs. David



Oriol Ross shared a teapot with Manning Sherwin. He composed the music for "Fine and Dandy," the new show, with Leslie Henson, Douglas Byng and Stanley Holloway, at the Saville Theatre

Heneage; Mr. Tom Blackwell was rosy and genial; Mrs. Musker, who was Miss Elizabeth Loeffler, was there; Lady Weymouth danced unflaggingly, always gay and attractive; then there were Captain and Mrs. "Pat" Hanbury, Captain Rupert Gerard, Major Rupert Bromley, Major Michael Fox, Lieut.-Col. Rivid Myddelton, and endless others. Pink coats instead of blues would have completed the hunt-ball atmosphere.

About

LADY RAVENSDALE was walking about in brown, with the popular curtain effect at the back of her hat. Lady David Douglas-Hamilton was with her brothers-in-law, Lords Nigel and Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton; her husband has gone abroad. Miss Belinda Blew-Jones was out dancing, and so was Mr. Richard Norton. Miss Ann Glass was a merry young girl around the place, and Miss Jaqueline Lowder Downing looked very pretty with her blonde hair in curls on top of her head. She is planning to return to the stage, her original career. She has been doing welfare work in the East End for the past year. An unfailingly smart and soignée person is Lady Stanley of Alderley, out looking specially nice in black, with her fair hair short and sweeping up.

Good Works

LADY CROSSNELL addressed the committee of Colchester and District Diocesan Hostel for Women and Girls, and among her audience



Father and Daughter

Lord Decies and his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Bellew, were guests at a reception given by the Welcome Committee of the Overseas League to American Officers and the U.S. Embassy staff. Mrs. Bellew is a member of the M.T.C.



Three Young People in Uniform

Lord John Manners, the Duke of Rutland's brother, was photographed in London one day with Lady Elizabeth Scott, the elder daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, and Mr. Denys Domville made up the party of three. He is the Hon. Mrs. Herbrand Alexander's son by her first marriage.



People at a Tea Dance and Cabaret in Aid of the Westminster Wardens' Benevolent Fund

Sq. Ldr. Sir Edward Bellingham and Miss Wendy Cooper had tea and watched the cabaret together. Sir Edward was formerly in the Royal Scots, and was wounded in the last war, and decorated with the D.S.O. and the C.M.G.

Sir John Whitty, Chief A.R.P. Warden of Westminster, sat between Wing Commander Eric Hodsoll, who was the host, and Mrs. Hodsoll. Wing Commander Hodsoll is Inspector General Civil Defence since 1938

Major Sir Samuel Hill-Wood, Bt., came in Civil Defence uniform to the dance, with Lady Hill-Wood. Miss Lena Fraser, another Westminster Warden, sat at the same table. Sir Samuel was for nineteen years M.P. for Derby

were the Mayoress of Colchester, Miss Elfreda Sanders, R.R.C., J.P., Dame Catherine Hunt, O.B.E., J.P., Miss José Blomfield, J.P., and Canon G. A. Campbell. Lady Crossnell, who is chairman of the Mothers' Union in Chelmsford, said that the need for such hostels was urgent, with so many girls far from their homes in the women's Services.

Up in Westmorland, leaders of the W.V.S. attended a cookery exhibition in Kendal. The supply of food under emergency conditions was the object of the exhibition, and a demonstration of Ministry of Food emergency cookers was given. Mrs. Hornyold-Strickland, W.V.S. organiser for Westmorland, addressed the meeting, and other W.V.S. organisers there were Mrs. Percy Birley, from Cheshire, and Miss C. Smith, from Windermere.

Distinguished General

GENERAL W. ANDERS, O.C. Polish Forces in Russia, is soon coming to London for a conference with General Sikorski about the organisation of a new Polish army of 100,000 on U.S.S.R. territory, and in the Middle East. Born in 1892, near Warsaw, he studied engineering at Riga University; was in the Russian Army during the last war, and then in the Polish-Soviet War, when he won the cross "Virtuti Militari." He has commanded a Lancer regiment, been imprisoned by the Bolsheviks, and now has fresh scope for enterprise. Two of his brothers are prisoners in

Germany, the third is with the Polish forces in Scotland. Another interesting Pole who has just arrived here is Paul Prokopeni, the well-known baritone, who, before the war, sang in opera in Warsaw, Vienna, Prague and Rome. He has been serving as a private in the Middle East.

Greece and Spain

MARTINEZ is one of the few places still producing delicious sherry, and the White Tower has still got some Greek honey. Residents of Bloomsbury—to which Mr. Cyril Connolly, editor of *Horizon*, has just moved—talk and gesticulate under pictures of sunny Greek scenes, and two lovely close-ups of fierce Greek men, with moustaches as long as glamour-girls' hair. People in and out include Lady Diana Cooper, Lord Horder, Mr. Walter Elliot, Mr. Frank Owen and Cassandra—who have both joined up—Mr. David Bowes-Lyon, and, among stage people, Miss Phyllis Dare, appearing in *Other People's Houses*; Miss Anna Neagle, whose screen impersonations range from Queen Victoria to Amy Johnson; via Nell Gwynne, Mr. Miles Malleon and Mr. Herbert Wilcox.

Opening

THE new Potamac restaurant was launched with a splash. It is got up in imitation of President Roosevelt's yacht, and the premises used to be the Cossack, then the Blue Room. Signs of the zodiac chase each other round the

ceiling of the bar, and beige silk, with impressionistic lifebelts hanging up, drapes the restaurant. A large crowd danced and ate, including Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, looking terrific in black, with a sort of little top-hat; Mr. Eric Portman, as nice "off" as he is good "on"; Mr. Hore-Belisha, Mr. Cyril Entwistle and Mrs. John Steel, always specially decorative and beautifully dressed. She was Miss Evelyn Spilsbury.

Ballet Returning

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet returned to the New Theatre on May 5th, for, it is hoped, a longer season than usual. *Rendezvous* and *Dante Sonata* will be revived, with full orchestra, on the opening night, *The Gods Go a-Begging* completing the programme. Other ballets included in the repertoire of the first four weeks will be *Comus*, *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, *The Wise Virgins* (with the full sets designed by Rex Whistler), *Coppelia* and *The Haunted Ballroom*. Robert Helpmann's second ballet, *Hamlet*, will have its premiere on May 19th. The music is Tchaikovsky's, decor and dresses are by Leslie Hurry. The first performance will be given in aid of Mrs. Churchill's Russian Red Cross Fund, and prices will be specially raised.

American Party

PRINCESS MARY WOLKONSKY, who is American and was Mrs. Barton French, was hostess at a party for Americans at Overseas House. (Concluded on page 184)



Two Recent Weddings in London

Lord Carrington, Grenadier Guards, and Miss Iona McClean were married on April 25th at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bride, who is the younger daughter of Sir Francis and Lady McClean, of Huntercombe Place, Henley-on-Thames, was given away by her father, and the best man was Major A. M. Gregory Hood. There was a reception at 4, Grosvenor Place

The wedding of 2nd Lieut. Courtenay Trevelyan Young, Intelligence Corps, and Miss June Brinley Richards, took place on April 23rd in the Chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. He is the son of Sir George and Lady Young, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brinley Richards, of 36, St. Leonard's Terrace, Chelsea, where the reception was held. Mr. Stephen Young, R.A., was best man



The Queen and the Duchess of Gloucester inspect the Treasures Given to Aid the Duke's Red Cross and St. John Fund

Her Majesty showed great interest in the Drake Cup, traditionally said to have been given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Drake, which has been bought by the National Art Collections Fund for £2,100, and presented to the Plymouth Museum and Art Gallery in recognition of the City's gallantry. The Cup is a Swiss parcel-gilt cup and cover formed as a globe and engraved with continents and oceans.



The Duchess of Gloucester, who is once more fulfilling public engagements, had a busy day recently when she visited Admiralty House to meet the Committee of the Flag Day for Sailors, and later went on to Derby House to see the jewellery collected for the Red Cross Sale at Christie's. She is seen admiring a particularly beautiful piece which Mrs. Philip Hill has picked out, while Commandant Margaret Walker, O.B.E., looks on.

Royal Activities and Other People In The News



Two of the Three Recently Elected R.A.s

Mr. James Bateman, who now becomes a Royal Academician, was elected an A.R.A. in 1935. He was originally a sculptor, but after being wounded in the last war, turned to painting. He is a distinguished wood-engraver, but is most widely known for his farm-yard pieces. His "Pastoral" is in the Tate Gallery.



Mrs. Dod Procter, the widow of Ernest Procter, A.R.A., has been an Associate since 1934. She is the second woman to attain full academic honours, the only other living woman R.A. being Dame Laura Knight. Mrs. Dod Procter is best known for her figure paintings, of which one of the most popular is "Morning."



Portrait of a Hero's Wife

A portrait of Mrs. Bader, the wife of Wing Commander Douglas Bader, the legless R.A.F. fighter pilot, who was captured by the enemy last August, and is a prisoner of war, has been painted by Mr. Jagger. Mr. Jagger is the brother of the late Mr. Jagger, the sculptor of the Royal Artillery.



Princess Elizabeth Registers with the Sixteen-Year-Olds

Within a week of her sixteenth birthday, Princess Elizabeth registered for war service. The Queen (like many other mothers) accompanied her daughter to the Labour Exchange, and watched Princess Elizabeth fill in one of the ordinary forms with her name, registration number and other essential details (see page 168). Princess Elizabeth was wearing Girl Guides uniform. Both she and her sister, Princess Margaret, have been Guides for some years.



Swabe

First Nighters at the Vaudeville

Lord Milford Haven escorted his mother, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, to the first night of "Scoop." Lord Milford Haven is a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and has been mentioned twice in despatches since the outbreak of war. He is the nephew of Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, the recently appointed Chief of Combined Operations.



Only Thirty-Three More Weeks Till Christmas
One hundred and fifty thousand Christmas puddings are being made at a London factory for British prisoners of war. They are to be despatched in July in order to ensure that they reach prisoners-of-war camps by Christmas Day. Lady Burghley, in her Red Cross uniform, and Mrs. Joynton, in the uniform of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, gave the ingredients an inaugural stir.



From Centre Court to Garage

Miss Susan Noel, the lawn tennis player and squash rackets champion, is doing her war work by driving a bus. It's a strenuous life, for Susan has to be up at 4 a.m. She has five miles to cycle before she reports for duty at 5.30 a.m.



Sir Peter and Lady Teazle at Birthday Celebration

Mr. Cyril Maude celebrated his eightieth birthday on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre. He made two appearances: as Sir Peter Teazle, with Vivien Leigh as Lady Teazle, and as the gay old philanderer who gets off with his wife's new parlourmaid in Pinero's "A Seat in the Park." Mr. Cyril Maude's birthday-party raised nearly £1,000 for charity.

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

EXCEPT for the scenery, it will be like old times for some chaps if the Germans intend to line the coast facing the Straits of Dover with Bulgarian troops, as an Ankara message reports.

But it will be a change to stare at the tough and hairy Bulgar from the same ground-level as himself. In World War I. the Bulgar was always at the very top of some immensely steep, ghastly brown mountain—like the Grande Couronne on Lake Vardar, gashed with hideous ravines—looking down over our lines and picking his teeth pensively with an iron picket, like a Regency buck leaning over the balcony of Crockford's. He was a bonny fighter when you got to grips with him, but it meant a lot of vexing exertion for the infantry under a pitiless sun and scorching, or icy winds, and the gunners were greatly envied. (One gunner officer, Mr. R. W. Chapman, managed to re-edit Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* in between the recurring scuffles which preceded the final offensive of 1918; something of a feat.) Surly and dumb, the Bulgar turned out to be on more intimate acquaintance, they tell us. No doubt he prides himself on the old plain rugged homespun Bulgar virtues, like Yorkshire chaps.

Bouquet

MUSSOLINI, according to a new book by Prince Starhemberg, once described Hitler as "this horrible sexual degenerate."

Mr. Ward Price recently described Laval as the image of a Marseilles pimp. Goebbels has frequently described his Japanese buddies as vile little yellow monkeys. Hitler and Stalin have often referred to each other as bloodstained crooks. It's not such a gentlemanly war as Whitehall seemed to think, till recently.

On the contrary, it's easily the rudest war in history. Napoleon was caricatured to death by Rowlandson and the other comic boys, but the nearest he ever got to a verbal rap was when frail, aged Pius VII., his prisoner, said to him smilingly "*Commediante! Tragediante!*", thus abruptly ending a fine exhibition of Napoleonic ballyhoo and fireworks at Fontainebleau. But Pitt never called Napoleon a wicked man or the Devil's bastard, even when he was trying to invade us. Whether this courteous restraint is good or bad we can't decide.

Suggestion

BAD, probably. Vanity being 90 per cent. of human makeup—compare the Brains Trust—to keep on wounding the maniac vanity of a Messiah like Hitler might goad him into ill-considered actions. Not that the frontal attack is always best. If you want to get a modern oracle hopping mad (we've done it) the thing is to praise, loudly and firmly, his principal rival in the same field. You can shout "moronic stinkard" after him as well, of course, but it looks much better chalked up on the walls of the



"I thought that cuckoo would adopt new methods for his spring offensive"

Athenæum cloakroom, and incidentally we think it's time they rubbed off that "Gertie loves Professor Gowler" over Washbasin 16.

Clerk

ABELARD, whose 800th anniversary it was the other day, got a very fine notice from the *Times*, as he deserved, being an intellectual who could knock our Welles and Joads any day for a row of lacquered-paper Japanese ashcans. (Is there a doctor in the house?)

You'd thing his classic love-affair with Héloïse would have attracted the roving eye of the more romantic Fleet Street boys and earned Abelard a tiny write-up, but they were otherwise engaged, or probably thought Abelard was dead. He is not, as you know if you have ever eaten or drunk in the dusky little wineshop in the Rue Chanoinesse, in the shadow of Notre-Dame, the street Héloïse lived in. The food is so-so, but the influence of Abelard, the quarrelsome, comely clerk, who filled Christendom with his noise and was argued down by St. Bernard, hangs over the street far more powerfully than over the tomb in Père-Lachaise. There was actually a stout philosopher in a blouse drinking at the tiny zinc bar when we were last there. He said all politicians were a heap of camels (*un tas de chameaux*). He was a pessimist, with, we conjectured, Jansenist leanings, for he denied freewill with an oath. It was delightful to hear his rumblings, but we must be getting back to the main road or we shall be telling you his story about the Fat Woman of Chinon, a charming story but utterly unfit for your long but delicate ears.

Mirage

OBEDIENTLY grubbing together and stacking all our waste paper week by week for removal, we often wonder if the Island Race ever glances up from similar labours and sees the shining figure of the Waste-Paper Contractor hovering above in a blaze of light, like the angel in Bunyan over the chap with the muck-rake.

Actually, our spies report, this is illusion. As the Island Race is well aware, the fairies

(Concluded on page 174)



"Aren't they little lambs!"



Robin Guthrie criticises Daphne Barker's first sketches of Mrs. Guthrie. In the background are his portraits of Valerie Hobson (Royal Academy 1940), Clare Luce and Sir Percy Loraine, formerly British Ambassador in Rome

Cabaret Star Studies Art

Robin Guthrie Gives Lessons to Daphne Barker

Daphne Barker, who, with husband Jack, gives one of London's most popular cabaret turns, and is now appearing in *Get a Load of This* at the London Hippodrome, is busy adding to her many accomplishments by studying art with Robin Guthrie. She shows great promise, we are told. Robin Guthrie is already well known for his portraiture. He has exhibited yearly at the Royal Academy since 1934. This year he exhibits "Brighton." He was married a short time ago to Deborah Dering, the young ballet dancer who used to be with the Ballet Rambert. She is the daughter of Commander C. L. Y. Dering, D.S.O., R.N., and a cousin of Paula Gellibrand, the former Marquise de Casa Maury



Robin Guthrie's beautiful young wife, Deborah who appeared in "Moscow Bells"



A nude model poses for the sketching from life class in which both master and student join

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Standing By ...

(Continued)

act as the Government's middlemen and handle their salvaged paper after the dust-man has removed it. No money changes hands. After taking over a fresh load, Wendy Darling flies over the tree-tops through a Whitehall window, whispers: "For England's sake—another 500 tons, boy," kisses the permanent official concerned once on his egg-shaped bean, and flies happily back to Kensington Gardens, where the fairies detailed for waste-paper salvage gather for a booful big party, drinking motherless butterflies' tears out of acorn-cups. Maybe a Waste-Paper Contractor or two is there as well, shaking his paunch with happy laughter, waving his bowler hat, and dancing with the harebells.

Heaven forbid we should claim this is not the sober truth, but we wish we could

stop laughing like a ton of old iron when we see the Race bent double over its self-sacrificing toil. It doesn't seem cricket.

Trick

ONCE again a couple of soldiers wearing Nazi uniform have walked leisurely through a South Coast town, and not one of its citizens challenged them.

The populace sees, apparently, so far as it sees anything, but doesn't believe it. There *are* Nazis, but they don't belong to the commonsense three-dimensional world this side of the Channel. Any Nazis you see are a hallucination, like the Angels of Mons, and if you firmly close your eyes—the great Island recipe for happiness noted by Slogger Wells, admirably, years ago—they vanish, like anything else disturbing or uncomfortable.

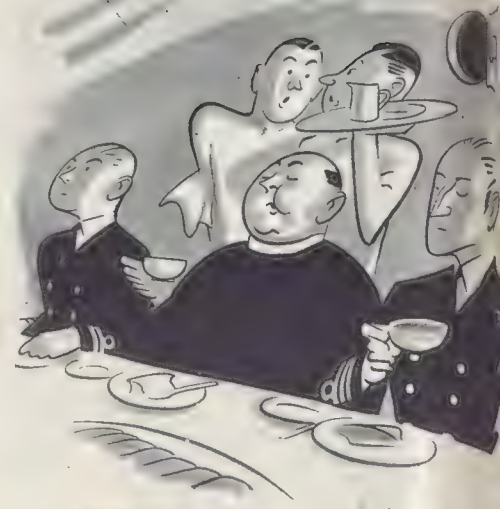
We've heard Home Guard lecturers work themselves into a mad passion over this, calling the citizenry all kinds of farmyard names, but they err. It's a state of mind,

Bruce Bairnsfather in Northern Ireland

The Creator of "Old Bill" Visits the American Army



Some American papers have arrived in the Officers' Mess, so the week-old solitary copy of the big English daily can be laid aside for a bit



"He's just wolfed five angel cakes"

and not a bad one either, as useful in a jail or a concentration-camp as anywhere else. Look, Auntie! German warders! You wipe your nose, young Alf, and don't go interrupting people. Well, as I was saying, Mrs. Gowslake. . . .

Homage

IF the Boche chooses to make Diesel engines in Augsburg, it's his own lookout, we thought, vainly scanning the news to discover whether any of our bombs had hit the Fugger palace, which would have been nobody's fault but Hitler's.

Everybody who loves and cringes to banks knows about this priceless great arcaded palace of marbles and mosaics built by the Fuggers, the great mediæval international bankers. It makes us grey with fear to see Slogger Montagu Norman, ruler of England, hopping nimbly into an Underground train. When we think of the splendid Fuggers with their private army of men-at-arms we feel he should be carried in a golden litter by naked Nubian slaves, with a bodyguard of lictors thrashing the mob with whips as he goes to Downing Street, and an escort of Horse Guards. For bankers to assume middle-class modesty is absurdly hypocritical and also sinister. Once in a bank near Aldwych where a rich friend took us we created a sensation by suddenly kneeling devoutly on the marble floor. It was perfectly sincere. Jakob Fugger II., who financed the Emperor Charles V., would have given us his benediction, and maybe tossed us a bad half-crown. All we got was a dumb stare from ten pairs of fishy financial eyes behind a long bronze railing and a dozen pair of glazed popeyes all round us.

Canard

MARBLE nevertheless is still the banker's natural *décor*; he is rocked in a marble cradle at birth, treads on marble all his life, toys frigidly in marble halls with his favourite wives and concubines, and is buried in a whacking great marble tomb, amid a nation's sobs. Women and chaps without reasonable security have often accused bankers of having marble hearts as well. It is an ignoble lie; their hearts are splintery lumps of ice, and they cry like hell because the Ice Queen did it, and they can never experience love. It must be terrible to be as rich as a banker, but not very.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Welcome Home! The Return of a Submarine

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

And what a welcome!—from the Captain of the Dockyard down to the cow, which has been produced from somewhere or other and milked in honour of the ship's cat (always a precious pet and wrapped in much nautical superstition), who proudly leads her latest family ashore. On these trips shaving ceases and the crew more or less sleep in their old clothes. The submarine herself is dented by collisions, covered in barnacles and seaweed, fish and crabs and what-have-you. The "bag" is displayed on the Jolly Roger; the white strips stand for supply ships, the U's for U-boats. A diamond is the symbol for a battleship; a triangle denotes a cruiser. The Jolly Roger is worn inferior to the Ensign, from the same yard-arm or gaff. There are no hard and fast symbols for battleships or cruisers sunk, but crews are inventive individuals and submarines are a law unto themselves.



When "The Bystander" Was Evacuated

Business as Usual

Some Pictures in This Year's Royal Academy

Left: "From Fleet Street to King's Langley" is the title of this impression by Pyzer Cowen, art editor of the "Sporting and Dramatic," which is hung in this year's Academy. The scene is the conservatory which served as the editorial office of "The Bystander" and the "Sporting and Dramatic" during a period of eight months' evacuation in the early days of the war. The respective editors face each other over trestle tables. Packing-cases formed most of the furniture, the black-out was a problem, a plumbago creeper discarded its foliage over photographs of celebrities. We stewed in autumn, shivered in winter, waited in vain for the blitz. Then we came back to London—and got it



"Waiting in the Car": by Francis Dodd, R.A.

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"Celia's Aunts": by Steven Spurrier



"Donald Wolfitt": by Stanhope A. Forbes



Stirling Bomber. "MacRobert's Reply": by Charles Cundall, A.R.A.



"More Coupons": by Charles Spencelayh



"The Shepherd": by Dame Laura Knight, R.A.



"Coxswain Henry Blogg": by Thomas C. Dugdale, A.R.A.



Yevonde

Noses : Ancient and Modern

Lord Berners's latest book is called *The Romance of a Nose*, and the owner of the nose in question is Cleopatra. A visit to the photographer resulted in this picture being taken of the author and his subject side by side. Lord Berners, who succeeded his uncle as ninth Baron in 1918, is well known as a composer and as an author; he has also held exhibitions of his paintings. His first book, *First Childhood*, was published in 1934, and was followed by *The Camel* and *The Girls of Radcliff Hall*. He has been working for the Oxford Blood Transfusion Service, and a fantasia called *Far from the Madding War* was one of the results of his labours in the University city



Lady Gloria makes some scones for tea, and her husband says she is an expert cook



Hawk's Hill, Chobham, is the Fishers' country house, where Captain Fisher goes to see his family when on leave

Photographs by Swaebe

Two Families

At Captain and Lady Gloria Fisher's
Surrey Home

Lieutenant Malcolm McKenzie and Captain Nigel Fisher, who are brothers-in-law, keep an eye on their respective daughters, Susan and Amanda



Lady Gloria Fisher, who is the Earl and Countess of Lisburne's eldest daughter, married in 1935 Captain Nigel T. L. Fisher, Welsh Guards, son of the late Commander Sir Thomas Fisher and of Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, and they have one small daughter, Amanda. Mrs. Malcolm McKenzie is Captain Fisher's sister, and she and her husband, who is a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., were staying at Hawk's Hill with their daughter, Susan, when these pictures were taken

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Or Else?

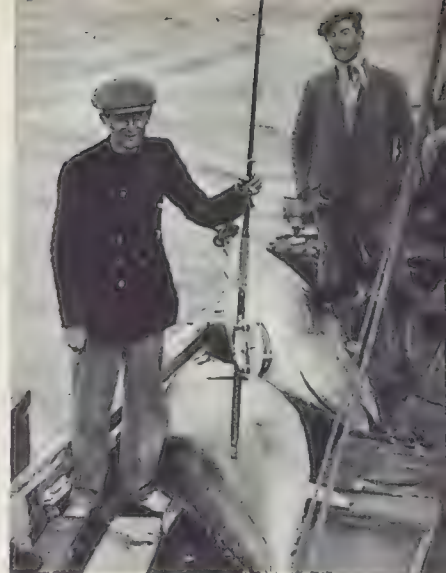
"THE Wilhelmstrasse said very plainly that Laval's efforts will be judged by the results he achieves. If Laval fails, the consequences will fall on him alone."—*Daily Press*.

Vest: Gents'.—Plain or Fancy

IT is one of the ironies of war that an article of our attire, which, in the main, is quite inoffensive, should be drawn into the bloody vortex. I do not suppose that the person who invented the vest, gents', fancy or plain, ever expected that it would produce a snarling controversy in the Press, or draw forth an H.E. bomb in the shape of a leader in our old friend *The Thunderer*. Yet all this has happened, and there seems to be a needle-fight going on between the Anti's and the Pro's. One gentleman has gone so far as to say that it makes him mad to have a waistcoat forced upon him as a part of his spring austerity suiting, especially after what had fallen from the Director-General of Civilian Clothing, who seemed rather to indicate that "vests" were to go the same way as double-breasted coats and trousers with turn-ups, and, so I gather, pockets. Before this fight gets too bitter, would it not be better to pause and think of the waistcoat, however much we may hate it, from another angle? Clothes are restricted, including trousers, even in their un-aesthetic outcrop the Oxford bag, so why not turn our minds to converting the waistcoat into a near-trouser? Summer is ycomen in; the Scot prefers kilts to trews; we wear shorts for rowing, running and pat-ball; so why not adapt the waistcoat, stick our legs through the armholes and button up front or back, according to taste? It would be so much better if, instead of all this bickering and back-chat, people occasionally used their brains.

The Youngest Guards Officer

THE name is John Churchill. He joined the 1st Guards as an Ensign of fourteen in 1667—i.e., eleven years after the English King's Regiment of Guards had been raised. This Ensign eventually rejoined the 1st Guards as its Colonel, and, as Duke of Marlborough, led it to the Danube, where it at once distinguished itself in the bloody attack on The Schellenberg, and afterwards at a battle which is perhaps more familiar—Blenheim. Fourteen is the record for the 1st Guards in the matter of the age of its officers, but it has now been run pretty close by that of its new Colonel—sixteen! The appointment of our well-beloved young Princess Elizabeth is a record in two ways: Her Royal Highness is the youngest Colonel and is the first Royal Princess to hold that rank in the 1st Guards. An order from the King in 1660 reads like this: "Our own Regiment of Foot Guards shall be held and esteemed the eldest regiment, and the Colonel thereof the eldest colonel—all other colonels to take their rank according to the date of their commissions." If this order had not been varied upon the death of the Duke of Wellington in 1851 and the succession of the Prince Consort, the new sixteen-year-old Colonel would by Royal Command be "older" than even the hoariest warrior of her rank in the Brigade of Guards. Shortly after the Prince Consort's accession to the command, Brigade Standing Orders laid it down that the Senior Colonel should be the Colonel who had been longest in command of a regiment of the Brigade of Guards. The position of Colonel-in-Chief of all the Guards Regiments is always held by the Sovereign. Below His Majesty is the Colonel, and below the Colonel the Lieutenant-Colonel, who is almost invariably an officer of far senior rank to that, and below him the Lieutenant-Colonels who command the Battalions, but to whom it is proper to refer to as Commanding Officers. It all sounds a



Victor Hey

Mr. Knight and Lord Lovat

Major Lord Lovat, who led the Commando force on their recent successful Boulogne expedition, is seen here on another adventure—catching tunny fish in very rough weather in the North Sea. With him is a fellow-officer, Mr. Knight, and Lord Dalrymple was also on board. Lord Lovat married Lady Broughton's only daughter in 1938.

bit complicated, but is actually quite simple. It might not have been so easy to understand if the Order from the King of 1660 had not been amended. The date of the embodiment of the 1st Guards is 1656 in France by Charles II after Worcester. Their first action was at the Battle of Dunkirk Dunes on June 3, 1658. They were the Casabiancas of the occasion, for they did not retreat like the rest of the combined Spanish and English Royalist force.

In the West Norfolk Tradition

IF happier times had prevailed, it is quite certain that the new Colonel of the Grenadier Guards would have followed the family tradition and had a very useful part of her hunting education in that fine school in West Norfolk. King Edward VII. was a keen patron of the West Norfolk hounds and must have ridden to them before he succumbed to the lure of Leicester shire. H.M. King George V. was never what you call a hunting man, but he went to the meet



A Club-Opening in Alexandria

Lady Cunningham, wife of the C.-in-C., Mediterranean, opened a new Warrant Officers' club in Alexandria. Photographed with her after the ceremony were Commissioned Gunner A. O. H. Ashthorpe, president of the club; Baker Pasha, Chief of Police, Alexandria; and her husband, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham.



The New G.O.C.-in-C., Eastern Command

Lieut.-General K. A. N. Anderson, recently appointed G.O.C.-in-C., Eastern Command, has done much since his return from France to co-ordinate the work of the Home Guard and Field Army. He has the reputation of being one of the most energetic of the generals with the Home Forces, and believes in personal contact with his troops. He commanded a division evacuated from Dunkirk in 1940.



D. R. Stuart

Members of an R.A.F. Staff H.Q.

Above are Fly. Off. B. D. Helmore, a former Surrey County tennis player; Flt. Lieut. D. L. Doyle, Sq. Ldr. E. E. Colquhoun, M.B.E. Fly. Off. Helmore played in international tournaments all over the world, and competed for the last time at Wimbledon just ten years ago



Officers of a Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment

Front row: the Rev. D. M. Davis, C.F., Lieut. (Q.M.) E. A. Hemming, Capt. H. T. Fairclough, H. P. C. Clark, Major J. Beattie, the Commanding Officer, Capt. G. M. Castle, Adjutant, Major C. M. Averill, Capt. A. S. Schofield, C. W. Morgan, P. T. Lawrence. Middle row: 2nd Lieut. L. A. Guppy, Capt. P. C. Knight, 2nd Lieut. J. McMillan, E. W. Johnson, E. W. Downie, F. J. Parrott, Lieut. F. W. Gilbert, 2nd Lieut. T. B. Nock, Capt. Coulter, R.A.M.C., Lieut. R. E. Bloxsome. Back row: 2nd Lieut. F. A. Kirkham, Lieut. A. H. Wilcox, 2nd Lieut. W. Chell, Capt. P. C. Hill, 2nd Lieut. R. E. G. Daniel, Lieut. F. T. Garratt, Capt. T. Hough

Spring's Sun Chariot

WE all know what the effect of spring has upon the young man's fancy, and in view of what has just happened at Salisbury, I cannot but think that Alfred Tennyson ought not to have forgotten the girls when he wrote those historic lines. Perhaps, however, he did not forget them, for he went on to say something about a livelier Iris shining upon the burnished dove. Anyway, sweet September is the mares' month, and they are never quite so reliable when the world is putting on her new spring suitings. The fire of spring accounts for such a lot! On October 9th last Sun Chariot (8 st. 11 lb.) gave Ujiji (9 st.) the first hiding of his young life, and beat him three lengths without being extended. She won "cantering," as the jargon of the Turf describes it. On April 25th this year, over the same distance, but on a different course, Ujiji (9 st. 2 lb.) beat Sun Chariot (9 st. 3 lb.—a weight earned by her penalties) by three and a half lengths.

There was this difference, however: he was all out, and had to go for his life to beat the outsider, Mehrali (8 st. 10 lb.), by half a length, Sun Chariot finishing cantering. When Sun Chariot beat Ujiji in the Middle Park it would be a conservative reckoning to put it at 7 lb., and it would, in my opinion, be a nearer approximation if we followed the rule-of-thumb method of 3 lb. for a length. She was then getting the 3 lb. to which her sex entitled her; when she was beaten she was giving 1 lb. If we take the drubbing she gave Ujiji in the Middle Park at even 7 lb., a justifiable conclusion, it means that she could have won with 9 st. 3 lb. on her back. In this Southern Stakes at Salisbury she did not get a 7-lb. beating, and so I suggest that we should suspend our judgment. She was all amongst the colts at Salisbury, and it is on record that she was swishing her tail. She will be all amongst the Girls at Newmarket in the One Thousand on May 13th, and this fact is well worth bearing in mind.



Johnson, Oxford

Champions Play Golf for an R.A.F. Charity

Six hundred people watched the four-ball exhibition golf match played at Southfield course, Oxford, in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, when A. H. Padgham, the British international, and J. A. Howells played Pilot Officer Dick Burton, the English Open champion, and Captain Colin Booth. The match, which was squared, helped to raise nearly £200



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Squadron of the Fleet Air Arm

Front row: Temp. Lieut. F. C. Furlong, R.N.V.R., Lieut.-Com. Lone, R.N., Temp. Act. Sub-Lieut. (A.) M. H. Lester, R.N.V.R. Back row: Sq. Ldrs. (A.) Woods, R.N.V.R., Croucher, R.N.V.R., (A.) Davis, R.N.V.R., the late Sq. Ldr. Worth, R.N.V.R., recently killed in action, Mid. (A.) Dick, R.N.V.R.

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

High Times

MISS EDNA FERBER, of *Cimarron*, *Show Boat*, *So Big*, *The Girls*, and many others, is a novelist who has not lost form. Nor has she lost vitality. Added to this, she is one of the best straight story-tellers that I know. I found her latest novel, *Saratoga Trunk* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), so wholly absorbing that I was sorry to put it down for a minute. It seemed to me to have everything—taut plot, lively action, likely and likeable characters, background (or, if you prefer it, atmosphere), and curt, witty, picturesque dialogue. In short, *Saratoga Trunk* is a novel that takes you right out of yourself.

You first—though for a few pages only—meet Clint and Clio Maroon as an august married couple, old only in years. They are rich (in a big way), they are still astoundingly handsome and they are "news." Accordingly, on Clint's eighty-ninth birthday, they are receiving, in their suite at a Saratoga hotel, a bunch of newspaper people from all over the States. The pressmen who came to heckle stay to admire. One cannot easily get past the Maroons, and the main part of the novel, which deals with the couple's young days, is going to show you why.

When Clint and Clio first met, in New Orleans way back in the 'eighties, it had been a case of Greek meeting Greek. He was a blue-eyed Texan in a white sombrero, round about the place for what he could get; she was the convent-bred child of a courtesan—her mother, once the toast of New Orleans, had had to escape to Europe after a shooting affray; she had lived with her child and her sister Belle in Paris on hush-money from her dead lover's relations, rigid and haughty Creole gentry, who hoped to bank the end of a scandal down. Clio's mother, in fact, had shot Clio's father, who had deserted her for a correct marriage.

In a Paris apartment, in the temperamental atmosphere of her injured, romantic mother and her Aunt Belle, Clio has come to the age of twenty years. She has inherited all her mother's beauty; she has been reared on tales of New Orleans (for to this household Paris means, simply, exile); and she has formed the stern resolve *not* to be fooled by love. Hostile to the society that has thrown out her mother, she intends to beat it at its own game. Her mother and aunt die: Clio (here her story opens) returns to America with her two attendants and mentors, Kaka, the negress, Cupide, the dwarf coachman with the wrestler's arms and iron, enormous head. She means to take by storm that ancient and unforgiving New Orleans. She is, in fact, an adventuress, with a surprisingly pure heart, a cool head, a sense of effect that amounts to genius, and adorably high spirits. She brings with her from Paris her munitions of war—trunks of ravishing dresses that were her mother's, jewels—love-gifts—not yet sold, and crates of bibelots.

The tragic and lovely house that had been the scene of her father's and mother's love is matted with creepers outside, silent with dust within. Clio reopens it. On the Aubusson bedroom carpet she finds, with a pang, the stain of her father's blood. When the house is in order again, she makes, one fine Sunday morning, her New Orleans debut, trailing her Paris glories, with Kaka and Cupide behind her, round the observant market and streets.

On that day she meets Clint—the great, lounging Texan, who comes alive at her glance and lays siege to her. As a playboy, Clint is all very well; as a parti he does not suit Clio's book—is she not out to marry a millionaire? Clint—whom rich men have also treated badly—has also his game to play. So the two side-track what might have been an inconvenient passion into a light-hearted, teasing, conspiratorial love. They plot, they kiss and they quarrel, and under the stern eye of old Kaka are as happy as birds. But New Orleans soon grows too small for them: it is Clint who indicates Saratoga, with its millionaire visitors, its spa life and its racecourse, as a promising scene for their activities. So, enriched by more hush-money from Clio's father's people, the couple triumphantly move on.

At Saratoga—the scene is beautifully comic—they meet again as strangers. Clio has now adopted the role of a young French countess, widowed at nineteen. Her impact on hotel society, at the height of the season, is all she had planned. She has beforehand selected as her victim (or rich husband) the chinless young



"Royal Academy Illustrated"

Portrait of an Irishman

A portrait of Mr. Shane Leslie by the late R. G. Eves, R.A. (official war artist to the B.E.F., who died in June last year), is exhibited at the 174th Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy which opened at Burlington House, Piccadilly, last Monday. Mr. Shane Leslie is the well-known author and journalist. He is the eldest son and heir of Sir John Leslie, of Glaslough, Co. Monaghan

millionaire Bart Van Steed. And Clint, with a surprising obligingness, helps to keep Bart in play.

Contrasts

CLINT's obligingness, however, reaches a limit: his innate male possessiveness soon threatens Clio's game. As for her—she struggles commendably to keep her line of head ruling her line of heart. Comedy and real drama alternate. And a number of personalities intervene—the ever-watchful Kaka (inclined to recourse to voodoo), Van Steed's warrior mother, the resourceful Mrs. Courtenay Bellop.

Behind this, there is a purely masculine interlude—Clint Maroon calls up his cowboys and rides away to pull Van Steed's chestnuts out of the fire for him: there is in being a large and scabrous intrigue in the railroad world for possession of the Albany-Saratoga line, known generally as the Saratoga Trunk. A big scrap on this line (exciting as anything at the movies), a head-on collision between two engines and a good deal of bloodshed, help to release Clio's real feelings and to unwind the plot.

In fact, the bad girl makes good. And how enchanting she is! She has Becky Sharp's nerve and cheek without the metallic hardness. Her impulsiveness always endangers her calculations. Her play-acting (she had an actress great grandmother) is coupled with an ironic sincerity. She is far from being one of those broody,

(Concluded on page 184)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

A HAPPY mind is a mind which asks no uncomfortable questions. It

wouldn't be a happy mind if it did. No, it accepts the nicest theories without raising an eyebrow, and the mere fact of accepting them puts, ipso facto, uncomfortable doubts on the far side of the mind's back door. As a mind it may, perhaps, not be a very widespread one, but I have not yet decided within myself whether it be more advantageous to be erudite and disillusioned, or to be pleasantly doped and go through life with a grin. It all depends, I suppose, on your attitude towards getting through life at all.

Sometimes I think the "grinners" are the more fortunate, though there are moments, I confess, when you feel that, permitted a preference, you would far sooner talk to children. At other times I imagine that an advanced education for all would found that "Heaven-on-Earth" which reaches its crescendo of theories and promises always in the middle of a war and then is apt to get mislaid or all muddled up when hostilities are over! But that's the worst of having been sold a pup; you always suspect every subsequent "puppy" offered you for sale.

On the whole, I think a really happy mind must be a mind with many convenient blanks in the memory. The moment you begin to question and suspect the more glorious dopes is the moment when you should retire within yourself and live mentally alone among your books, your music, your flowers, and all the loveliest things with which circumstances can surround you.

I suppose the truth is that only the young don't mind being disturbed; the elderly loathe it. They regard it as a man regards spring cleaning—a mighty upset with all the old dirt settled back in its old place within a week. If only some scientist would invent a gas which would dissolve dirt at one sharp nip of an indiarubber bulb! That would be indeed ideal! But old Human Nature is extraordinarily alike to this dust, which is invisible until it settles. Chase it as you will, it is back again before you have recovered your breath.

Therefore, if sometimes I have to smile within myself when I listen to the "Hang Hitler" orators, and the more inspiring ones who are already planning and promising a new heaven on a new earth after a war which isn't yet won, forgive me—but, strangely enough, I seem to have heard it all before!

However, I am determined to forget, since, as I wrote above, a happy mind has a short memory. So I gloat over the picture of seeing Hitler hanging and refuse to see him and his gang living in luxury in some neutral country. I welcome Government officials; refusing to believe that officials are like moths—once get them in the carpet and only a bonfire will get them out. I am going to believe everything I am told if it is nice to listen to. After all, you never know, do you? Human dreams may come true this time! And, even if they don't, you've had your "dreams." See? I'm already half-way to being happily doped!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"

Review of Weddings



Wolfe-Taylor—Taylor

2nd Lieut. Peter Wolfe-Taylor, Rifle Brigade, and Margaret Madelaine Taylor were married at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Taylor, of Chimhams Farm, Kingsdown, Sevenoaks, and Glena Mount, Sutton, Surrey



Law—Newcombe

Captain John H. Law, The Cameronians, second son of the late W. T. Law and Mrs. Law, of 6, Huntly Gardens, Glasgow, married Jane E. Dalglish Newcombe, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. P. F. Newcombe, of 32, Palace Street, S.W., at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Gordon—McMaster

Pilot Officer Colin Chetwynd Gordon, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Gordon, of Ashstead, Surrey, married Anne Rosemary McMaster, only daughter of Commander H. McMaster, and of Mrs. Oliver P. Horlick, of Marlow, Bucks., at St. George's Church, Hanover Square



Drysdale—Platt

Captain W. B. Drysdale, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, A.D.C. to the Governor-General of South Africa, married Helen Platt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Platt, of Isipingo, Natal, at St. James's Church, Isipingo. He is the son of the late P. D. Drysdale, of Buenos Aires, and Mrs. Drysdale, of Exmouth, Devon



Thompson—Kinsman

2nd Lieut. Kenneth Crewe Thompson, The Life Guards, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Thompson, of Eastwood Hall, Barningham, Yorks., and Anne Rosemary Kinsman, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Fendall Kinsman, of The Red House, Windlesham, Surrey, were married at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street



March-Phillips—Stewart

Major Gustavus Henry March-Phillips, M.B.E., R.A., and Marjorie Frances Esclairmonde Stewart were married at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street. She is the second daughter of the late Sir Francis Stewart, and Lady Stewart, of Kennet House, Kimbury, Newbury, Berks.



Pullen—Webb

Pilot Officer Eric James Pullen, R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Pullen, of Sudbury, Middlesex, and Elizabeth Willoughby Webb, only child of the late Ashley T. Webb and Mrs. Webb, of Vale House, Hertford, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Bengoe, Herts.



Redgrave—Fox

Lieut. Patrick Redgrave, R.C.N.V.R., son of the late E. Redgrave and Mrs. Redgrave, of South Farnborough, Hants, married Helen Felicity Fox, daughter of Sir Cyril Fox, of Four Elms, Rhwibina, Cardiff, and of the late Lady Fox, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Guthrie—Priestman

Lieut. Alexander Guthrie, R.A.S.C., son of Mr. T. Guthrie and the late Mrs. Guthrie, of Marshley Harbour, Pembury, Kent, married Anne Guthrie Priestman, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Priestman, late of East Grinstead, at St. James's Church, Tunbridge Wells

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 169)

The curious beige trousers and tunics decorated with dangling metal ladders—each rung for some achievement—prevailed, also many U.S. "Eagles," including Sq. Ldr. Peterson, D.F.C., of Utah, who has just announced his engagement to South African actress Audrey Boyes; and there were a lot of M.P.s and others to meet them. Mrs. Anthony Eden was there, in black; Lord Barnby, talking a lot, and his American wife; Captain Cunningham-Reid, getting around; Mrs. McIntyre, with her attractive just-grown-up daughter, Bettine; Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas, of course; Lord and Lady Monkswell (Lady Monkswell was busy arranging parties at the smart little Wellington Club in Knightsbridge for men from overseas); Mrs. Pat Gamble, looking very pretty; Lord Decies and his daughter; Mrs. Patrick Bellew; Lady Willingdon; Mr. Hugh Dalton; Lord Simon; Lady Carlisle; Lady Lowther; Lady Liddell; Vice-Admiral Cunningham, the Fourth Sea Lord; Mr. W. S. Morrison, and Sir Louis Greig.

Cadets

THE St. John Ambulance Brigade has a cadet branch for boys and girls between eleven and seventeen, and members of it gave a display the other day—girls from the Paddington district, boys from Dagenham. Lady Louis Mountbatten was receiving people, as Deputy Lady Superintendent-in-Chief, for Mrs. St. John Atkinson, who was ill. She made a speech; so did Lady Dunbar-Nasmith, Chief Officer for Girl Cadets; also Mrs. Copland-Griffiths, Lady Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade Nursing Divisions Overseas; and Mrs. Mark Hambourg. Cases of gallantry and real usefulness in crises were quoted, and the activities of the cadets described. As well as first aid and home nursing, they are taught child welfare, swimming and life-saving, cooking, fire-fighting, signalling, anti-gas, etc., for each of which certificates may be won. Apparently the combination of romance and practicalness appeals very much to the children.

Princess at Croydon

PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA, President of the Y.M.C.A. National Women's Auxiliary, paid a visit to the Croydon Y.M.C.A. Mrs. Sydney Marsham, C.B.E., chairman, was with her; also Mrs. Abel Smith, hon. secretary of the Women's Auxiliary, and the Princess's Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Catherine Fordham. The party were shown the various parts of the building, the staff were presented to them, and the Princess and Mrs. Marsham were given posies of flowers. A Canadian sergeant, who was singing Irish ballads accompanied by one of the lady helpers, was presented. He had done a lot of broadcasting in Canada, and also from the Beaver Club in London.

Wedding

CAPTAIN LORD CARRINGTON, Grenadier Guards, and Miss Iona McClean were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks (see page 169). Among the guests and relations were Lady Carrington, Lady McClean, Dowager Lady Colville, Lady Victoria Forester, Lady Amherst of Hackney, Lord and Lady Dunboyne, Lady Dashwood, Miss Sara Dashwood, Sir Gifford and Lady Fox, Sir Egerton and Lady Hammond-Graeme, Lady Winterton and Prince and Princess Wiasemsky. Men of the Grenadiers formed a Guard of Honour for the bride and groom.



Private View of Jewels for Red Cross Sale

Mr. and Mrs. James Gow Mann and Sir Robert Witt and Mrs. Winston Churchill were amongst the distinguished people who paid a visit to Derby House to view the gems and jewels which have been sold by Christie's to aid the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Mr. Mann is Master of the Armouries, Tower of London, and also Keeper of the Wallace Collection. Sir Robert Witt is one of the founders and chairman of the National Art-Collections Fund, which has purchased the Drake Cup and presented it to Plymouth

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

dark-souled characters of which recent fiction is rather wearying me. And Clint, I am glad to say, has not an outsize ink-black soul either. If the pair are high-handed, they are high-hearted too.

Really, one could do with many more of these novels about people having a good time—about food (they were both hearty eaters), lovely clothes, sunshine and spanking horses. Also, how gay and bracing Miss Ferber's unsentimentality is! As for her scenes, they have all been set with a perfection other writers must envy. The steamy, Latin, mellow, rotting-peach atmosphere of old New Orleans is contrasted with white-and-green Saratoga, with its fresh mornings, pine-woods, classical columns and watered lawns. The interiors—the mirrored and chandeliered period elegance of the New Orleans love-nest and the solid pomposity of the Saratoga hotel suite—contrast as effectively. . . . I feel rather grateful for such a novel—it comes at a time when pleasures are all too few.

Two Plays

I HAVE always thought it was difficult to read plays, and have also felt that this might be a form of cheating—plays are, first of all, for the stage, and should there be seen. But the two Lajos Biro plays, *Patricia's Seven Houses* and *School for Slavery* (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), come across well, even from flat print, and from the start so completely hold one that one does not care if one is cheating or not.

Also, *School for Slavery* has just come off (perhaps it was too painful for a long run), and the Lord Chamberlain did not see his way to allowing *Patricia's Seven Houses* to come on. So, for the present, one must be content to read.

Perhaps the *Seven Houses* were a bit of a facer. The only real trouble that I can see—I mean, from the point of view of public performance—is the actual *mise en scène*. The action takes place in the flashy and seedy lounge of one of the "houses" (located, I took it, somewhere along the South American coast) that had been Patricia's awkward inheritance from an uncle who had made good abroad. The uncle had been a dark horse, and the poor girl has now arrived from England, believing herself to be the owner of seven impeccable tourist hotels. She is a nice English girl who has been to a good school, where she probably captained the hockey team. Her disillusionment causes a painful scene, and the local gangster (who runs the town) does not help by his immediate offer to buy her out.

Yes, the situation may be a bit queer—but the play itself is quite unexceptionable. Patricia grows wiser; she accepts the gangster's challenge to war; she risks losing the lover who took her by storm; she finally shoots her way out of a tight corner. It is only fair to the reader to explain in advance that this play is also an allegory. Lajos Biro is a Hungarian who loves the English, and sees them with the admiration, despair and amusement that can at the same time reside in a loving eye. His Patricia is England, and her predicament (and her attitude to it) seemed to Biro to be England's own. You should read the play to see—or, if you prefer, not see—how well the analogy works out.

School for Slavery has already, during its run, been discussed on other pages. I wish I had not missed seeing it. The whole conception seems to me grand and grim. From reading, the strong impression left in my mind is how the indecencies of the Nazi war method crush the little decencies, and the tenderness, out of human life. The German professor's family installed in a Polish home feel repugnance at their position. They have to be urged on, more or less at the pistol's point, to make free of all that they find here. By small touches, in the domestic scene, the horrors of the Nazi occupation of Poland are built up.

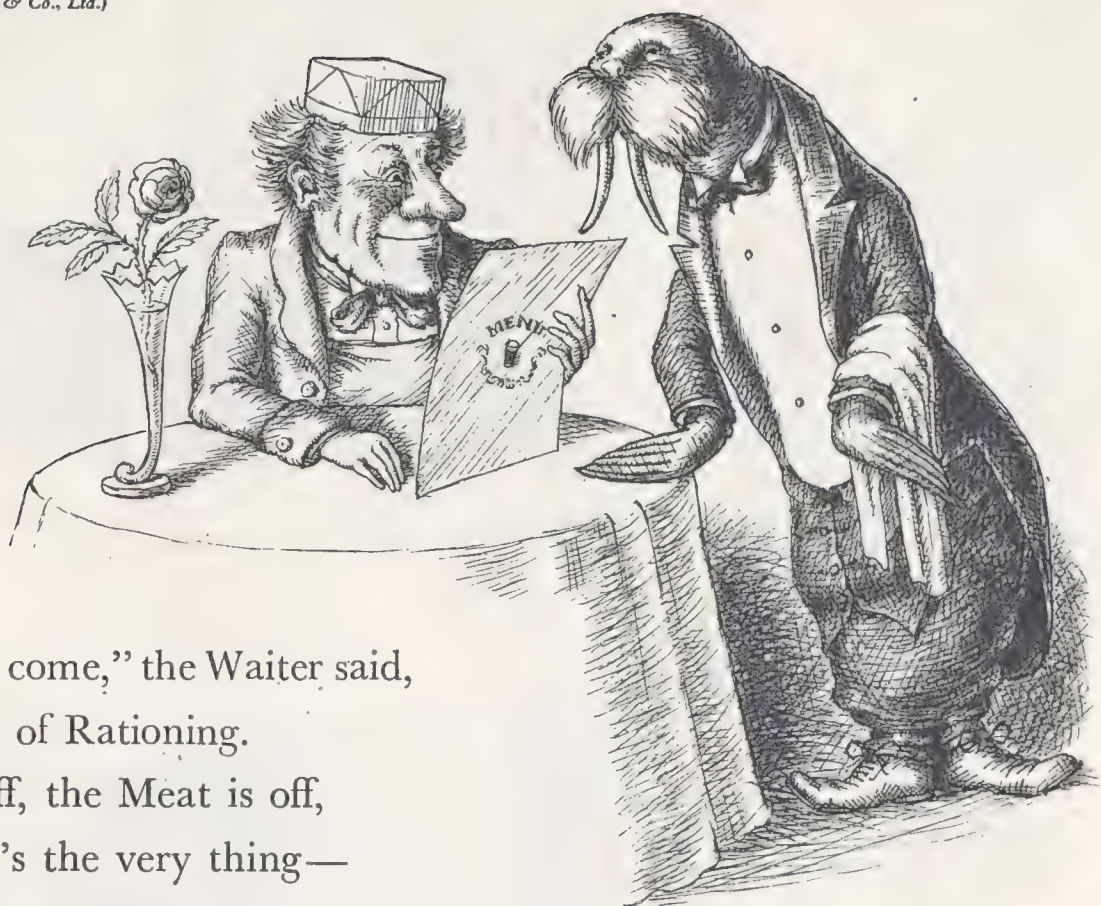
All human relationships—between the son and his parents, between the two pairs of lovers, between servant and master—can be seen to wilt, like flowers in bad air. The tension throughout the play is almost unbearable. But the characters stand out, noble and fine. The tragedy of the suicide pact is so treated that it becomes sublime.

Portrait of a Country

"It is not easy," says Miss Ngaio Marsh, "for a New Zealander to write of New Zealand. . . . Either he will think he speaks to his own people, and then he may fall to scolding, or he will think he speaks to outsiders, and then he may grow arrogant with that curious antipodean arrogance that is, in reality, a defence." All the same, Miss Marsh has written her *New Zealand* (The British Commonwealth in Pictures Series: Collins; 4s. 6d.) with a brilliance in which assurance appears. Expecting much from her pen, one is not disappointed here. Her build-up of the book and her manner of presentation seem to me as effective as one could wish.

Miss Marsh has not only a flair for all kinds of people—to which her detective stories owe much of their excellence—but a painter's eye for the scene. Two of the loveliest of the coloured illustrations are reproductions of her own oil-paintings. And, with her own land for subject, she writes as she paints. Her *New Zealand* is remarkably comprehensive—she gives a brief history of the country, a cross-section picture of its society, an account of its political life, an excellent chapter on the Maoris, a word-picture of the North and South Islands. And there, indefinitely, is more to her book than this. In pages that are (when one comes to count them) remarkably few, she tells one all one could ask about New Zealand—and more.

(With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

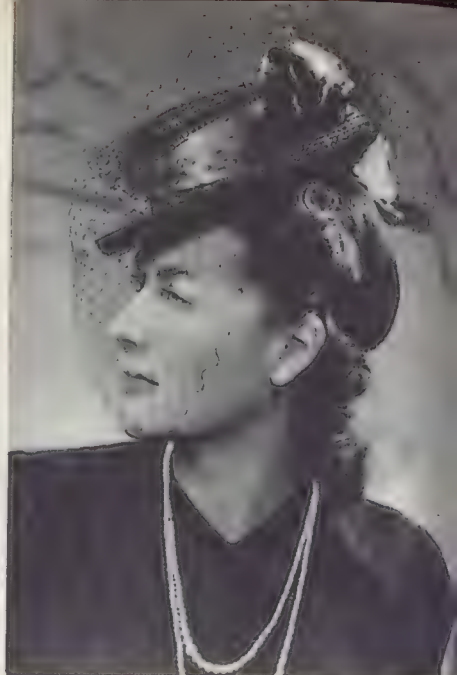


"The time has come," the Waiter said,
 "To talk of Rationing.
 The Fish is off, the Meat is off,
 But here's the very thing—
 A lentil cutlet, underdone;
 It's plain, but nourishing."

"But wait a bit." the Diner cried,
 "I must have more than that!
 If that's the best that you can do,
 I'll—well, I'll eat my hat!"
 "Then this is what I would suggest,"
 The Waiter answered pat.



"A Guinness, Sir, in times like these,
 Is what you chiefly need;
 There's nothing like a Guinness, Sir,
 It's very good indeed."
 The Diner had a Guinness and—
 He cordially agreed.



There is a splendid selection of hats that women will wear for special occasions when off duty at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, three of which are illustrated on this page; all of them can become shadows across the face. The fount of inspiration of the one on the left is the time honoured sailor. The crown is of straw, the brim of tartan jersey, two quills complete the scheme. The one on the right is of straw, trimmed with emerald-green ribbon and a white gardenia. Green foliage and flowers increase the charm of the straw affair in the centre. Felt hats, for country and hard wear in general have no rivals to fear, and rain has no deleterious effect on them. There is a decided vogue for hats of the bonnet character; they are for the younger women.

The HIGHWAY of FASHION

Women are exercising common sense where fashion is concerned, having said farewell to all extravagance, "line" being the thing that counts. A visit to Liberty's, Regent Street, will show that Utility Models may be graceful and becoming, and that colours, cleverly blended, are really delightful. Of course, there are a limited number of suits, coats and accessories that do not come under this category. Nevertheless, they are practical and their length of life is really unprecedented. The coat and skirt pictured is of a reliable tweed, admirably tailored. Of course, a blouse may be substituted for the coat, or a wool pull-over or twin set. There is a variety of materials in which these accessories will look well

by
M. E. BROOKE





Any Questions?

IT is a war custom of the Services to hold conferences with representatives of the Press and there, through the mouths of eminent officers, to reply to questions. And although there has not been found at any of these conferences any one who can handle the aggressive inquisitors with the skill of President Roosevelt at his similar meetings, there has been found, in the Royal Air Force, one who does not fall far short of that high standard.

Debarred, as I am, from mentioning his name, I can merely state that he has established new records in repartee and that, in dealing with some of the more violent newspapermen, his answers frequently go off with a loud reporter. In the critical cock-fights that have raged around such vexed questions as bombing policy, dive bombers, night defences and so on, those newspapermen who peck most fiercely often get sharply pecked back. And most of those who are there feel that it serves them right.

What is, however, of great value about these Air Ministry Press conferences is that the give and take of argument and back-chat provides a firm basis for a genuine interchange of facts and opinions.

Information and Publicity.

THERE has never, to my personal knowledge, been any attempt to foist propaganda on to the newspapers. The conferences are used for disseminating information, some of it for publication, some of it for guidance. And although it is obvious that an officer of the Royal Air Force will defend his own service through thick and thin, it is equally clear that no attempt is made to hide shortcomings or to gloss over mistakes.

Nor can I help thinking that the Royal Air Force may in a few ways itself have gained from these frank and free discussions; for although the presiding officer invariably gets the better in any verbal clash, he also has the power of seeing when a point of sound criticism has been made by one of the reporters present.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Cursed, as I am, by a doubting disposition; and guided through life by the view—impressed upon me when I started to write—that nothing is true unless it has been officially denied at least once, I came to these conferences when they began with scepticism. I did not feel that they would be of real value to any one. I have reversed that view.

I think that the Air Ministry conferences establish a standard as they certainly set the pace for all other conferences between the Services and the Press. They are a model of what such things should be.

Joint Combinations.

SOME of those who have been making suggestions about the organisation of the war staffs and who have been lavishing proposals on the Prime Minister for a Great Staff, or a Grand Staff, or a Huge Staff, or an Immense Staff, or a Gigantic and Enormous Staff seem to be unaware that there exists a Combined Chiefs of Staff group already.

It was set up by Great Britain and the United States of America in concert, its object being to ensure co-ordination of the war effort of the two countries. The Combined Chiefs of Staff group (the Americans do not call it a committee, but a group) is composed of the United States Chiefs of Staff and of representatives of the British Chiefs of Staff.

On the air side Lieutenant-General H. H. Arnold, the Chief of the U.S. Army Air Forces, is the American member, and Air Marshal D. C. S. Evill is the British. He took the place of Air Marshal A. T. Harris when Air Marshal Harris became Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, the Bomber Command.

Instead of the word "combined," therefore,

the word "joint" is more correctly applied to proposals to form a staff, within the British services for co-ordinating operations. Here unfortunately we come up against the official use of what I would regard as the wrong word in "combined operations headquarters," Lord Louis Mountbatten's special charge.

What does emerge, however, is that there is a wider realisation that war is one, and that it can be fought successfully only by the three Services acting jointly and by the United Nations acting in combination.

Autonomy.

WHICH leads me once again to correct another reader who seems to think that I have advocated the splitting up of the Royal Air Force between the two senior Services. I have pointed out before, but I must point out again that I do not think the splitting up of the R.A.F. now to be either practicable or desirable. All I have done and shall continue to do is to press for the closest collaboration between the three Services.

My views have long coincided with those of the late General William Mitchell, who advocated the setting up of a central Ministry of Defence (or Ministry of War as it would be better called) with the three Services grouped within it as departments. That seems the logical way. But I do hope that no other correspondents will mis-read my pleadings for better air-land and air-sea co-operation as being advocacy of dismembering the Royal Air Force.

I had the opportunity of serving both in the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force. When the R.A.F. was formed and I was given that amazing uniform that they first created for it, I did not like it. Most people then would have preferred to have remained in the Royal Flying Corps. But that is a distant period. Our views of the advisability of an autonomous air force must alter as they alter. The Royal Flying Corps created a glorious tradition; but that tradition is carried on today by the Royal Air Force.

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Stories from Everywhere

WHEN the chemist returned from lunch his new assistant reported that a customer with a hang-over had called, and he had given him something with the kick of a mule in it.

"Talk about a pick-me-up!" said the young man. "I'll bet that mixture blows the top of his head off." "I hope you were careful what you gave him," said the chemist, nervously. "You don't know what harm you might have done him."

"Oh, you needn't worry," replied the smart youngster, "I got him to sign the poison book!"

AN enemy plane passed over a certain district one night, and the following morning a man told his neighbour that an unexploded incendiary bomb had fallen into his bedroom.

"Did you throw it into the garden?" inquired the neighbour.

"I couldn't do that," was the reply. "It is six feet long."

"Good heavens!" gasped the neighbour. "That's not an incendiary—that's a high explosive! Have you been sleeping in the bedroom with that thing all night?"

"Not likely—I slept on the couch in the lounge!"

ALMOST any man can find work if he'll only use his brains," said the efficiency expert, "providing, of course, he is ready to adapt himself to circumstances, like a piano tuner I once met on the Canadian prairie."

"But even if he was adaptable," protested one listener, "he couldn't make piano tuning pay with pianos so few and far between."

"Admitted," replied the expert, "but he made quite a decent living tightening up barbed-wire fences."



"Well, if th' train wasn't late sometimes—we might as well pull down th' waiting room."

THE new vicar had preached his first sermon, and a critical member of the church, a very fat man, waylaid the parson after service.

"Not a bad beginning, sir," he said patronizingly, "a bit too scientific and modern, perhaps, but quite fair. Remember, parson, you must feed the sheep, feed the sheep."

The vicar surveyed his bulky critic and replied: "My dear man, it's exercise you need, not food."

THE shy curate was put next to a very deaf duchess at dinner, and she wished to be gracious.

"I didn't quite catch your name," she said.

"Will you tell me what it is?"

"Jinks, your Grace," answered the curate.

"Just a little louder, please."

"Jinks, your Grace," repeated the curate, raising his voice.

"I'm afraid I'm a little deaf," apologised the lady, "would you mind saying it just a little louder?"

"Jinks, your Grace," he almost yelled.

"I'm sorry," said the duchess, giving it up, "sounds just like 'Jinks' to me."

HE was so much in love with the girl that it made him poetic.

"Darling," he whispered, "my love for you is as boundless as the ocean; and like the ocean, it cannot be denied."

"I'll say it can't," was the girl's cool retort. "I've kept every letter you've written to me."

"I DIDN'T like those eggs you sent me yesterday," stated the lady customer.

"Why, what was wrong with them?" demanded the grocer, rather truculently.

"Well, I thought they were rather undersized for their age."

TWO charladies were having a "set-to."

"And let me tell you," said Mrs. Higgins, "that I've always tried to be respectable."

"Hindeed!" retorted Mrs. Harris. "Well, speaking for meself, I don't 'ave to try."

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Another National Waste Paper Contest has started. It will end on July 31st and will earn £10,000 for successful local authorities in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. It will be won by those local authorities in whose districts from May 1st to July 31st inclusive the heaviest weight of waste paper, books, cartons, etc., per thousand of the population is collected.

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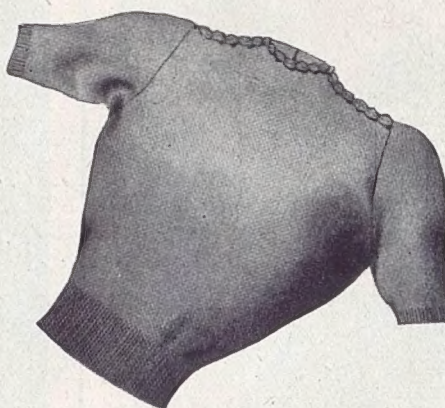


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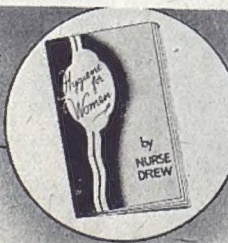


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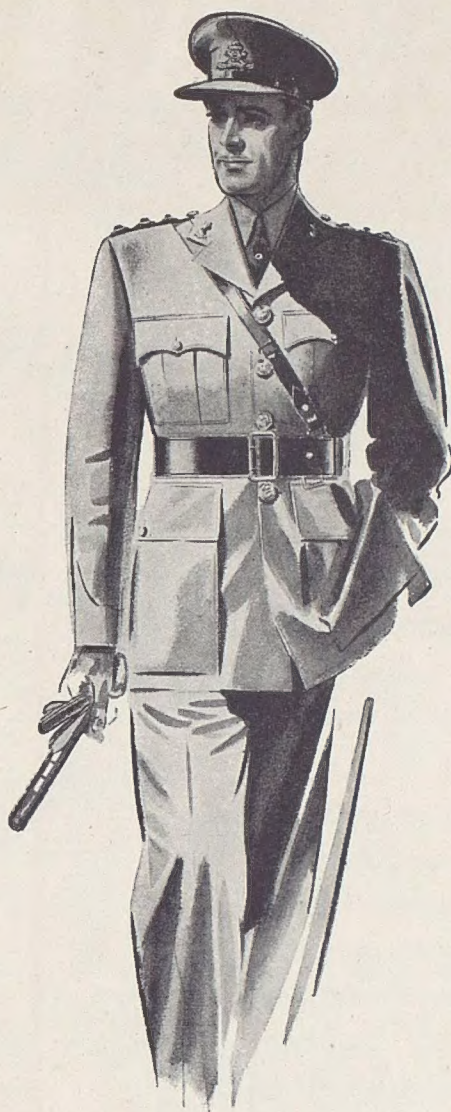
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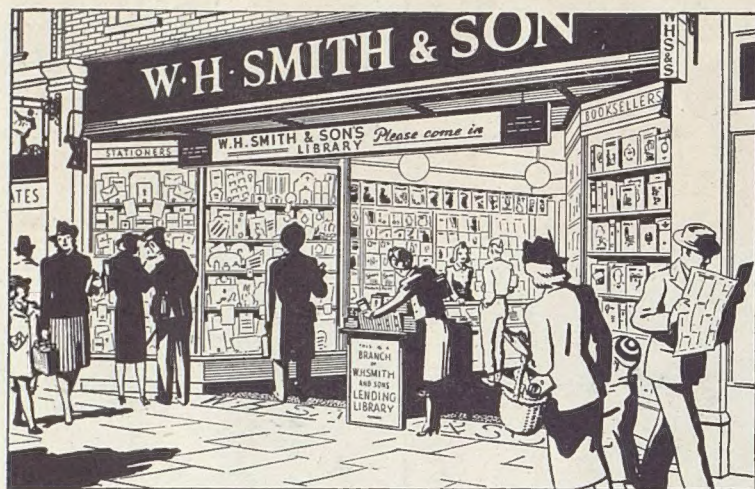


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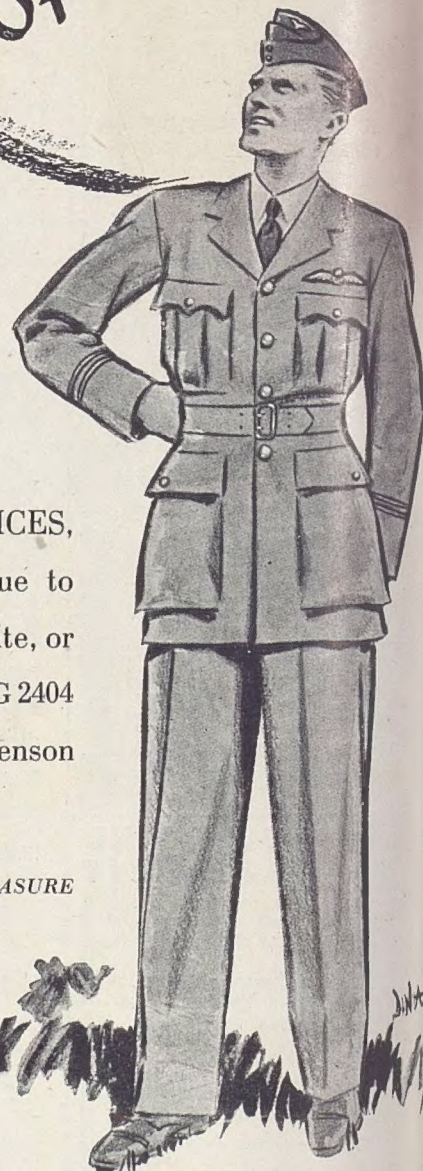
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